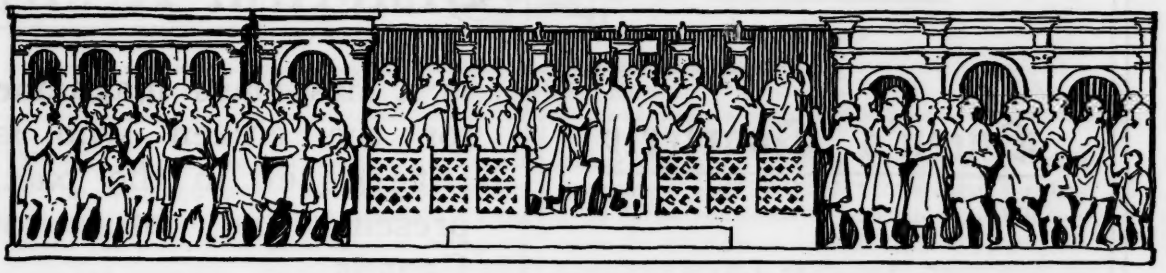
THE CANADIAN FORUM



A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs

Vol. I. **TORONTO, MAY, 1921.** **No. 8**

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. I. TORONTO, MAY, 1921 No. 8

WHEN one out of every five workmen in Canada is idle, unemployment has ceased to be merely a sign of temporary industrial stagnation. It has reached the proportions of a national emergency of the first magnitude. Hopes, always vain, have been expressed that the coming summer would see the end of the business depression. Now these have faded. We are face to face with the realization that before things can be better they must be worse. Even if there is an increase in employment in the months before us—and there may be—many will remain out of work who have already suffered considerably. The distress among them will increase. It is a trite but true saying that a desperate situation demands desperate remedies; and the present situation is desperate enough to warrant them. We have four classes of unemployed workers to deal with —the married workers with families, unmarried workers with dependents, unmarried workers without dependents, and the won't-works. The last, happily very few in number, must be totally disregarded, and if they become troublesome, must be dealt with firmly. Unmarried workers without dependents have already, at least in Toronto, been notified that relief can no longer be given them. So long as an unsatisfied demand for farm labour exists, they must as a matter of expediency be sent to the farms at any wage they can get. The public authorities must see that the remainderare provided for, cost what it may.

AT present we are compelled as a nation to concern ourselves rather with the maintenance, than with the reform of the social system. Our immediate problem is to face an immediate emergency—to lessen, as much as possible, the hardship that many must suffer. Despite our best efforts, distress will be rife in the winter ahead of us. The relations between capital and labour will grow more bitter. The destitute worker finds it difficult to believe that a social system in which many live in comfort while he starves, is one which can be defended. Here and there he may resort to violence. The situation is one that calls, not for vague alarm, but for our deepest sympathy. While violence can do nothing but aggravate our troubles—while the wisest of our labour leaders will set their faces against it—while government must continue to discharge the first of its duties, and preserve public order—it will only make the situation worse if we declaim against the bogey of Canadian Bolshevism. Hunger will do far more than the "Bolshevist Agent" to stir up revolt against the social order, and it is against hunger, rather than against Bolshevism, that our efforts must mainly be directed. A policy confined to the repression of discontent, at best, will deal only with symptoms.

FROM its second session the Farmer-Labour Government of Ontario emerges if not with distinction at least without discredit. A good deal of time, it is true, was wasted in discussion. Strong measures are difficult, however, where a government has to depend on the good-will of members in opposition for a working majority; and at best the closure is an unwholesome alternative to free discussion. As a matter of fact, especially during the late session, ordinary parliamentary proceedure has been altered to suit the unusual conditions. Thus in the rush of eleventh hour legislation we find a Prime Minister introducing an amendment to a bill introduced by a member of his cabinet and farmer members expressing disagreement on an important bill with the opinion of their leader which none the less becomes law. The most important acts of a long session were those relating to rural credits and to the bonusing of electrical lines in rural districts. The main things Mr. Drury will need to defend before the country will be Mr. Biggs' lapse into patronage and Mr. Smith's unique method of selling bonds. More serious, if less spectacular, has been the failure of such departments as that of Education and Lands and Forests after eighteen months tenure of office to have formulated wide reforms where reforms are badly needed and long overdue. However, even here something has been done and more can be done by administration within laws already existing.

THE Dominion Act imposing the Tax on Business Profits passed in 1916, was amended in 1917, 1918, 1919 and 1920. The Income War Tax was

imposed in 1917, and was altered in 1918, 1919 and 1920. The Sales Tax was subject to similar changes and a Turnover Tax may be expected to undergo more or less frequent modifications. Changes introduced in successive years may in an abstract sense be desirable; some of them may be of such a nature that necessity for their adoption could not be anticipated; nevertheless all of these changes are open to objection. A better financial result might have been obtained by leaving the original method of collecting the tax in each case as it was. It is extremely doubtful that net advantage has been derived from any of the changes, while an immense disadvantage has accrued through the setting up each year of a series of fresh reactions.

ONE very extraordinary change has taken effect this year. The Income Tax payer is now obliged to draw up his own bill. How far this may result in economy of collection is a question which cannot as yet be answered. It seems likely for some years to induce much correspondence which would otherwise be unnecessary. The change of the date at which the payment of the income tax is due has brought the payments of taxes for two years into charge within one calendar year. Whatever may be the reason for this change and however convenient it may be for the Finance Minister to receive two years taxes in one year, the inconvenience to the tax payer is obvious. For example a tax payer who paid $100 in taxes upon his small income in January 1921, finds himself under the necessity of paying another $100 within a few months instead of having to meet this sum in the following January. From the fiscal point of view the expedient is indefensible, the budget receipts are unduly inflated for one year, and comparison of these receipts with past and future years becomes very difficult. If such changes in the methods of taxation continue under pressure of this or that contingency or from this or that side, the tax system of this country can never be stable, and without stability the incidence of taxation can never be even approximately equitable. The more trouble and annoyance the taxpayer is subjected to, and the greater the feeling of injustice with which he is inspired, the more he will be disposed to evasion and therefore the less will be the yield to the Treasury.

SO consistently have the advocates of each successive scheme of imperial reform deplored the absence in the dominions of an instructed public opinion on imperial affairs that one may be excused for wondering if the reproach is not inspired almost as much by opposition as by ignorance. If we are told that we have always been too stupid to appreciate the beauty, the faultless logic, of the latest plan, we must, of course, plead guilty to the charge; but are we, at the same time, to admit that there exists in Canada no sound public opinion on imperial affairs? One hesitates to think so. It is true that there are many fresh problems, some of them arising out of the war, that require more thought and study than have yet been given to them. It is true that the treatment of these problems in our press is, as a rule, inadequate and superficial. It is true also that, in these days, one seldom hears in Parliament a sensible discussion of any imperial question. Yet one cannot but believe that beneath this shallowness and insincerity there does exist a fairly definite and very widely-held opinion on imperial affairs, and that it was this opinion, cautious, even obstructive, but opportunist in the best sense of the word, that Sir Robert Borden gave voice to in the recent debate on the forthcoming conference of Prime Ministers in London.

JUDGING from his speech, Sir Robert Borden, notwithstanding the many reassuring statements that have been issued both here and in London, looks forward with apprehension to the conference next month. He stated quite plainly that in his opinion the present was no time to discuss the problem of imperial defence, which is now avowed as the principal object of the conference; and he expressed a hope (coming from him the words sound almost ominous) that we had not "undergone untold sacrifices merely to learn that there is to be no respite from the intolerable burden of armaments". Now Sir Robert Borden would, one may be sure, be the last person to oppose any reasonable arrangements with regard to imperial defence, or to use alarming words without justification. Obviously then, he must see in the conference an attempt to rush the dominions into undesirable commitments, both military and diplomatic; and it is safe to assume further that his fears are inspired chiefly from London, for in closing he expressed a confident belief that Mr. Meighen would prove himself as stout an upholder of dominion rights as any of his predecessors.

WE wish we could say that this belief had been confirmed by the extremely non-committal speech that Mr. Meighen later contributed to the debate, or by his announcement that Mr. Ballantyne would accompany him to the conference. The truth is that the Prime Minister threw away a magnificent opportunity. If he had taken his stand quite definitely and explicitly with Sir Robert Borden, and at the same time announced that he had persuaded Mr. Rowell or even Sir George Foster to accompany him to London, he would have gone a long way towards allaying the suspicion that this conference has aroused throughout the country—a suspicion not in any way dispelled by Mr. Churchill's recent description of it as a meeting of the regular imperial cabinet. Instead he spoke resentfully of Mr. King's

motion as an attempt to fetter his discretion, and named as his adviser at this momentous meeting a man who has never displayed either the knowledge or the statesmanlike qualities that should be possessed by one who will be called upon to discuss such fateful and far reaching issues. How long will it be before Mr. Meighen realizes that the Canadian people are entitled to a definite statement of his imperial policy?

IT would be foolish to attempt to prophesy, even a few hours ahead, the immediate outcome of the reparations crisis. At the time of writing the German government still has a few days left in which to accept, but not to negotiate, the allies' latest terms. In the meantime the French go forward with their preparations, and the British government, notwithstanding weighty protests from the City, stands by its promise to coöperate. Apparently anything short of a complete surrender will make the occupation of the Ruhr inevitable; and even surrender may not deter the French from enforcing, alone if necessary, their so-called sanctions; for the parties of the Right, already disappointed by the decision not to advance on May 1st, press for a display of force, regardless either of the results or the consequences, and M. Briand is in their power. He is reported to have said, as he left a meeting of the Supreme Council in Downing Street a few days ago, that he had "his back to the wall". He has; the whole force of the powerful group of reactionaries in Paris is pushing him, and with him Mr. Lloyd George, towards this crazy solution of force. One thing is certain; nothing can arise out of this situation, acceptance or non-acceptance, that will mean a lasting solution of the problem of reparations.

SO far as the actual claims are concerned, the merits of the dispute, have, as usual, been presented in an obscure and partial manner. The figure named at Paris three months ago has been abandoned for a new one computed by the Reparations Commission, which, judging from the meagre reports available, bears little closer relation to the realities of the situation than did the earlier one. For, so long as the French demands remain so grossly in excess of anything that can be paid, the Germans are almost forced to expend their energy in devising means, not of meeting these demands, but of avoiding them. But once the Reparations Commission reduces its claims to something commensurate with the material damage inflicted, the Germans can properly be required to show why they cannot make good that damage. Then, and only then, will it be possible to determine how far the undeniable economic necessities (not simply of Germany but of a half-ruined Europe) interfere with the satisfaction of the just claims of France. In the meantime the other allies, and the English government is chiefly responsible, allow the exigencies of French politics to threaten the re-establishment of Europe. The situation is grave beyond exaggeration, and it must in spite of any apparent relief, remain grave until a fundamental change occurs in French policy.

A RECENT despatch informs us that Captain O. E. Wheeler has been given charge of the photographic survey work on the Younghusband Expedition against Mount Everest. This is good news to Canadians and especially to Canadian mountaineers. Captain Wheeler got his education in the mountains and in the schools of Canada. His father, Mr. A. O. Wheeler, was the organizer and first president of the Alpine Club of Canada. From his early teens Oliver Wheeler was much in the mountains with his father, who was at that time engaged in conducting a photographic survey of the strip of the Rockies adjacent to the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway which remained under federal control. In the course of this work it was necessary to blaze trails through forests known, if at all, only to trappers, and to carry instruments up mountains many of which had never felt the foot of man. Young Wheeler in the course of several summers became skilled in the varied technique of mountaineering, excelling in rock climbing especially. His winters were spent at Trinity College School and the Royal Military College, where he graduated first in his class. Entering the army he was sent to India, and during the war served with distinction in the East. Last summer he visited his home, and those who met him at the Assiniboine Camp of the Alpine Club of Canada, where he directed the climbing expeditions, found the quiet and resourceful youth they had known matured, not changed, by years and experience. They are confident that in the attempt to conquer the greatest of the world's mountains he will bring honour to himself and to Canada.

THE second annual exhibition of the Group of Seven is now being held at the Art Gallery of Toronto. It reveals more convincingly than any exhibition which we can recall the vigorous independent character of the best Canadian painting. There are both landscapes and portraits in this collection which would command respect in any gallery of contemporary art and would go a long way towards establishing our right to be regarded henceforth as an adult nation. But it can be said without malice that these pictures would be more heartily and more acutely appreciated in an older country. For whilst we have always had unlimited confidence in what our muscle can do, we are still somewhat uneasy in matters of the mind, and especially of the creative mind. If it is true, however, that the nation's character is pouring itself into the

visual arts, it is profoundly important that the fact be recognized early and widely. Our health and worth as a nation depends ultimately on the self-knowledge that comes from such recognition. One who has lived for some years in Canada but is not native-born said the other day. "These painters have made me feel Canadian. I always used to feel a stranger in the country but after seeing and enjoying all these Canadian pictures I don't feel so any longer". We take it for granted that he very rapidly adjusted his diet to our climate and soon discovered the most easeful brand of underwear but that these only imperfectly Canadianized him. We commend this little incident to the guardians of the nation.

A CANADIAN Authors' Association has just been formed. Its official organ is the *Canadian Bookman*. The Association appears to have arisen as a protest against the recent Copyright Bill which was ruthlessly dictated by the printing interests and is certainly one of the least defensible pieces of protectionist legislation that we have heard of. The first act of the new orgnaization has been to report destructively on the Copyright Bill and to ensure that it will be re-written with due regard to the prior rights of authorship. The Association promises to be more in the nature of a union than of an academy, but we note with satisfaction that it does not stop there. Its first object is "To act for the mutual benefit and protection of the interests of Canadian Authors and for the maintenance of high ideals and practice in the literary profession". But there are two objects here, not one, and they very often conflict with one another. The one calls for vigorous self-protection and the other for vigorous self-criticism which is much more difficult. We hope that the Association will give due attention to the vices and virtues of the book reviewer and the publisher's advertiser. Bad reviewing and cheap advertising of literature are just as injurious to high ideals as bad legislation and they are harder to control. We have pointed out what we feel to be a fundamental and quite unavoidable dilemma in the function of the Association. If it can be dealt with satisfactorily the rest should be plain sailing.

THE CANADIAN FORUM is published monthly at 152 St. George Street, Toronto. All communications, Contributions, Subscriptions, Etc., should be mailed to that address.

The Editors regret that at present they are unable to pay contributors.

G. E. JACKSON, *Chairman.*

C. B. SISSONS, *Political Editor.* BARKER FAIRLEY. *Literary Editor.*

Secondary School Reform

LAST autumn a committee was appointed by the Minister of Education for Ontario "to review the courses of study and the examination system" in the High Schools of the Province, "and to consider any other question that affects the organization and efficiency of the schools." The Committee, on which sat representatives of the Department of Education, the Universities, the High Schools and the Public Schools, has presented an interim report which was discussed in detail at the recent meeting of the Ontario Educational Association. In the College and High School section its recommendations were approved without a dissenting voice. It is almost certain that in the near future fundamental changes will be introduced in our High School system—changes so significant that it is difficult to realize that they are actually impending. We can call attention here only to some of the more important of them.

At present the majority of High School students carry a large number of subjects (sometimes fifteen or more) concurrently; reading, spelling and writing, for instance, must be treated as distinct subjects and a place provided for them in the time-table. The resulting tendency, of course, is to reduce the time given to each period and to reduce the number of periods devoted to each subject per week. The committee proposes to substitute for this system a scheme whereby a student will carry only a small number of subjects at one time; in each of these, however, he will have a daily recitation of about forty minutes. Reading is to be taught in connection with the work in English literature, not as a separate subject. Correct spelling and legible writing are to be insisted on equally in all subjects. Similarly every master must insist on good English composition in his written work, although the importance of oral and written composition as part of the English work is also stressed.

Not only is the number of studies pursued by any one student at one time reduced; except for three subjects in the Lower School, prescribed subjects have practically disappeared. In future a very free hand indeed is to be given to the local authorities and to the Principal in determining what subjects will be taken by a boy or girl in any given school. The Principal is to be the captain of his own ship. A minimum and maximum number of subjects for each student is recommended, but he may make different arrangements if it seems to him well to do so. He will be able to provide for those of his students who seek only a general education a different course from that prescribed for those who look forward to teaching or to a university course. Since no student will take all of the subjects that are taught, study periods (perhaps

two for each student daily) will occasionally take the place of recitations.

The Committee proposes only one serious change in the present examination system, viz. that candidates be allowed to write on one or more subjects at a time in any order as approved by the Principal, instead of being compelled as at present to review for examination subjects which had been studied and completed in the previous year. In modern languages they propose that the examinations include tests in dictation and original composition. The latter suggestion seems to indicate the Committee's dissatisfaction with the attainments of High School students of Modern Languages at present, especially with regard to their ability to make practical use of the language. In future oral work, accurate pronunciation and systematic study of sounds are to be emphasized from the beginning, and the systematic study of the grammar is to begin only after the student has learned something of it incidentally from oral work and reading. The question as to whether students (especially those who intend to enter on the study of languages) should be admitted to High School at an earlier age, will be treated by the Committee in its final report, in which they will also deal with the desirability of establishing other types of High School than those which now exist. With the present demand for instruction in vocational and pre-vocational subjects some differentiation in the character of the schools, especially in large cities, has become almost a necessity. Otherwise there will be no satisfactory solution of the problems of crowded curricula, short periods and overworked teachers.

This Interim Report, which fills only some eight pages of an official blue book, announces a change in secondary education in Ontario of greater significance than any that has occurred in a generation. It marks the beginning of the end of our system of highly centralized control of education as well as of the rigidity, uniformity and overcrowded curricula which have sapped the energies of many of our best teachers in the past. It will give a measure of freedom to Principals and teachers that should go far to liberate those reserves of initiative and enthusiasm which are the very life-blood of the profession. And after all the primary problem of education is to find good teachers, and to give them conditions of work which will enable them to become better. The Committee has dealt with such problems as courses of study, types of school, examinations. Perhaps in their final report they may feel at liberty to make recommendations regarding the teacher's status. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the majority of our High School teachers are overworked, and that many of them have ceased, from sheer weariness, to be serious students. And yet it is imperative, if our High Schools are to do their best work, that teachers should not be overworked and that their intellectual interests should be more keenly developed with every passing year. But these things are impossible for the man who teaches almost every period during the day and reads exercises as regularly at night. The strain on his physical strength precludes the possibility of his being a serious student of his subject. It is infinitely more important that a teacher be fresh and alert in his class-room than that he read multitudinous exercises. Were we not accustomed to take short-sighted views we should all realize that no better educational investment could be made than periodically to send every High School teacher on full pay to some seat of learning, where he might satisfy in some degree his scholarly ambitions.

Everyone who has at heart the welfare of our schools will feel that he owes a debt of gratitude to the members of the Committee for the hard work and fine intelligence that have gone into the making of this Interim Report. It has been framed by representatives of all the more important bodies charged with the direction of educational affairs in the province, and it has evidently been produced in a spirit of co-operation and of serious devotion to the cause of education that is of very good omen for the future.

M. W. WALLACE.

Fresh Light on the Fifth Army

PROBABLY none of the vast operations of the war embraced more fateful issues than the opening phase of the final German onslaught that swept the southern flank of the British armies back on Amiens during the last days of March, 1918. Certainly none produced so immediate and crushing an impression of catastrophe. Indeed hardly had the masses of German infantry, led through the mist by their storm troops, overrun the forward areas of the Fifth Army, before a grave suspicion started to take shape in men's minds. And as the battle proceeded, as position after position was abandoned, as the gaps in the line grew broader and the toll of prisoners heavier, that suspicion, nearly everywhere, ripened into a conviction. The Fifth Army must have failed; nothing else could explain such losses, not only of men and material, but also of ground—losses unprecedented on the western front.

Every vagrant rumour—and there were many of them—helped to confirm this suspicion. Stories of General Gough's previous errors spread everywhere; stories, too, of his staff's incapacity and neglect; of their failure either to prepare for the attack or to confront it when it came; of the demoralization of the troops; of the panic on the main roads in the rear; of German spies disguised as A. P. M's.; in fact, of all the confusions and mistakes and humiliations of a great defeat. And if rumours were not enough, a more authoritative confirmation was not long in

coming. On April 9th Mr. Lloyd George informed the House of Commons that, although the British Army in France had been "considerably stronger" on January 1st, 1918 than it had been a year before, the enemy had achieved "a great initial success," and had succeeded "for the time being in crippling one of our great armies." Moreover he suggested, in announcing the reasons for General Gough's removal, that the Fifth Army had abandoned the Somme line before the Germans had brought up their guns, and had done so without taking adequate steps to destroy the bridges. He was able, however, to speak with enthusiasm of the splendid work of some of the subordinate commanders, among them Brig.-General Carey, who had gathered together a few scattered units and blocked a most dangerous gap in the line. He referred, too, to the magnificent stand made by the Third Army immediately to the north, which, although attacked simultaneously, "had not given way one hundred yards" until forced to do so by the retreat of its right flank. Finally, he praised the promptness with which the French had furnished reinforcements not omitting to mention his own government's share in supplying fresh drafts to meet the huge deficiencies caused by the battle.

* * * * * * * * * *

For almost two years—in fact until the publication in England a few weeks ago of a book by Mr. W. Shaw Sparrow, *The Fifth Army in March, 1918*—this explanation has gone virtually unchallenged. It is true that about a month after the battle Sir Frederick Maurice, then Director of Military Operations at the War Office, publicly contradicted Mr. Lloyd George's statement regarding the strength of the army in France. It is true, too, that Sir Douglas Haig's despatch of October, 1918, censored by the government though it was, gave an account of the battle very different from the one that had been suggested by the Prime Minister. But neither of these disclosures made the impression it should; for the first appeared while Britain was still in the grip of the German offensive, and the second when she was at the height of the great success, which, by an amazing turn of fortune, followed within a few months of her most terrible reverse. But not only were the majority of people too preoccupied to readjust their earlier impressions; they were too convinced of their soundness to be shaken by anything but direct and vigorous argument. Now that argument has come, and in a most convincing form.

There are two main aspects to this controversy over the Fifth Army with which Mr. Shaw Sparrow deals. The first is the more remote and general one of war policy as a whole. The second is the immediate and particular one of the actual conduct of the battle. The first is, in effect, a dispute between the government and the High Command; the second is partly that, and partly a dispute between G.H.Q. and the Fifth Army.

Now throughout the war the military chiefs at G.H.Q., and to a great extent those at the War Office also, advocated a concentration of forces on the western front, believing that there and nowhere else the final decision must be sought. From time to time, however, they found their demands for men opposed by the government, and never so strenuously as at the beginning of 1918. For Mr. Lloyd George, disappointed by the results of the previous year's campaign and intent upon fresh projects in the East, had decided to hold in England the two hundred thousand men who were available for draft. At the same time, as a result of pressure from the French, Haig was ordered to take over an additional twenty-eight miles of line. So the opening months of the year, which found the Germans stronger and more desperate than ever—for the collapse of Russia had given them almost for the first time since the beginning of the war a definite numerical superiority in the west, and the failure of the submarine campaign impelled them to take advantage of it before the Americans arrived—found the British Army, not only exhausted and extended, but, notwithstanding Mr. Lloyd George's statement, actually weaker in bayonets by about one hundred and eighty thousand than it had been a year before. That is the first and broader aspect of the controversy. It is the case for the soldiers against the politicians, and it rests, not so much upon the evidence produced by Mr. Shaw Sparrow, as upon foundations already pretty firmly laid by Sir Douglas Haig, Sir Frederick Maurice, and General Ludendorff.

The second aspect of the controversy is concerned with the outcome of this ominous situation. Haig's problem was that of holding a lengthened line with diminished forces against a superior enemy; and as he could not face the possibility of losing the channel ports behind his northern front, he assigned to the weakest of his armies, the Fifth under Gough, the task of holding the long southern sector of forty-two miles, even though, as he tells us himself, his intelligence reports led him to believe that it was there the first blow would fall. The result was that Gough, with a force equal to about twelve weak divisions, found himself on the morning of March 21st attacked by forty-three highly-trained divisions under the ablest German generals, among them von Hutier, who had introduced the new offensive tactics at Riga a few months before. In places the attacking force was four times as strong as the Fifth Army; as a whole it was not so very much weaker than the entire British army in France.

The problem that now confronted Gough was, as Mr. Shaw Sparrow puts it, that of bending without breaking, of executing, in fact, that most difficult operation, a retreat under pressure. If he hung on too

long, he ran the danger of being overwhelmed; if he retired too quickly, he facilitated the enemy's advance and increased the difficulties and anxieties of G.H.Q. Between these two perils he steered, according to Mr. Shaw Sparrow, a masterly course, delaying the enemy to the utmost, and yet avoiding anything in the nature of a decisive engagement. Mr. Shaw Sparrow in fact disputes all the current accusations that were brought against the Fifth Army and its Commander. He denies that General Gough and his staff had neglected the preparation of defences. He denies that they or the corps staffs under them failed to control the retreat. He denies that the Péronne bridgehead and the Somme lines were abandoned before it was strategically necessary to do so, or without, as Mr. Lloyd George suggested, adequate measures having been taken to destroy the bridges. He denies that the French reinforcements alone saved the situation. And he refutes quite conclusively the allegation that it was the Fifth Army that uncovered the flank of the Third Army and forced it to retire. On the contrary he proves that it was the Third Army that uncovered Gough's flank to a depth as great, on one day, as six miles, leaving a gap in their own area that Gough had to do his best to fill. Moreover he goes on to show that the celebrated Carey's force of Mr. Lloyd George's speech was organized by General Gough himself, and commanded until March 27th, not by General Carey who was then actually on leave in England, but by General Grant, Gough's chief engineer. And finally Mr. Shaw Sparrow maintains that, while Gough had to do all this without the assistance given to the Third Army, in the end, notwithstanding the impression fostered by the communiqués and by Mr. Lloyd George's statement in Parliament, the Fifth Army, though attacked in greater force, had, in relation to its strength, given less ground than the Third.

On all of these points, most of them so diametrically opposed to our preconceptions, Mr. Shaw Sparrow makes out a strong case. His narrative is supported by constant references to excellent maps; his arguments have the strength that comes from an obvious familiarity with all the available evidence; and both his facts and his conclusions are confirmed by General Gough in an introduction that is, considering his treatment, not only moderate but generous. It is true that Mr. Shaw Sparrow is at times too anxious to discover in every incident and every action the mark of leadership or lack of leadership; he seems determined to assign to chance and to the imponderable forces over which a commander has little or no control the smallest possible share in the outcome. In spite of this his book leaves one with the impression that he has come very close to the truth about the Fifth Army, and that his estimate of its achievement is a just and even a sober one.

It would, of course, be too much to expect that this book should solve the whole mystery of the March battle; for in its broadest aspect that mystery is part of the greater one of world strategy during the last two years of the war, and probably many years must pass before it is completely unravelled. Why were troops, urgently needed in France, retained in England until the expected blow had fallen? Why was the additional line taken over from the French when the French were apparently better able to hold it? What was the exact bearing of these problems on the question of unity of command? Until the final answers come, and they may never come, we must be content that an occasional gust of truth tears away some fragment from the mist of supposition and ignorance that still obscures so much of that immense and tragic landscape.

E. H. Blake.

Two Soldiers on the Peace

A PEACEMAKER cannot allow desire for revenge to master desire for peace. Those who would play the role of peacemaker between the English and the German people are badly needed at the present time. Some soldiers would do so, but it is difficult for them to make themselves heard above the din of those who cry for revenge.

General Sir Hubert Gough declared in an interview given to the London *Observer* as long ago as Feb. 29th, 1920:

"The soldier is the real pacifist. He knows all that there is to know about war—he knows it in all its terror and horror. His ideas on the subject are apt to be more definite than those of others who merely watch from a distance and are not acquainted with the reality. And especially is he concerned with making an end of the conflict when once the issue has been decided. You go to war and you win. Then, in the view of the soldier, the war should be over. That it should be allowed to drag on and on is to him the intolerable thing . . . . . People seem to have forgotten that we really did win the war. We fought and won, and that should be the end of it. Now that it is over we should settle down to be friends again . . . . We want to make an end of all the bad blood, all the bitter revengeful feelings. . . . . I am afraid the people in England have not begun yet to realize what a thoroughly un-English thing that (the Peace Treaty) is. It really does consist of hitting a man when he is down and hitting him in a pretty murderous fashion. It is no excuse to say that if Germany had won her terms to us would have been far harder. Germany did not win, and what she might have done has nothing to do with it."

General Sir Ian Hamilton has made a more recent pronouncement in an article in a John Keats Memorial volume, published this winter by Mr. John Lane. He says that in the darkest hour,

"Hope upheld us in her arms; hope of a better world; hope of striking at the roots of war by some unheard-of act of magnanimity; hope that the patrons of the war theatre might, from their dress circle seats, learn to understand the tortured minds of their Generals, the tortured bodies of their men; might

ise their moment of omnipotence—when we won it for them—to stop these miseries for ever . . . . . A defeated enemy comes up to receive sentence. He might have been told 'Our bravest and best died to make the world a thing of beauty, so now in memory of their deeds and of their wish, let us be friends. Take back your gold; keep your lands; we want from you no blood money, only that you repair the wanton havoc you have wrought and so help us to realize the vision for which our young soldiers and your young soldiers also went out to war.' " But "the peace built upon their sacrifice has been a hideous thing and so must pass away swiftly."

We had a chance to build differently. Whatever the spirit of the German people may be to-day, there is ample evidence that immediately after the Armistice they looked to us for help in creating a new order in which militarism had no place. Men who had been prisoners in Ruhleben say that during the days spent in Berlin, while waiting to get through to England, they were struck by the new hope of the people. The old order had fallen; the people were willing to admit that they had been duped by their government; they were willing to make what reparations were possible, to work for a new world. But to go from Germany to England was to go from an atmosphere of hope to one of hatred where to say anything favourable about the German people was to be looked on askance and to be called pro-German. The Armistice was signed but the war was not over.

This evidence is confirmed by that of an Englishwoman*, the Princess Blücher, who, because she was married to a German prince, went back to Germany on the outbreak of war. No one who reads the book can doubt the English sympathies of the author. The following extracts from her diary speak for themselves:

"Nov. 1918. I never felt so deeply for the German people as I do now, when I see them bravely and persistently trying to redress the wrongs of the war, for which they were in truth never responsible."

"One of the chief things that have struck me since the revolution is the universal relief that the iron clutch of militarism has been loosened for ever, and that there is so little feeling of rancour or bitterness towards the enemy."

"Jan. 1919. Hatred of the enemy seems to have disappeared. Indeed many people are inclined to look upon them as their saviours and protectors and in their fear of the reign of terror which may be coming I believe would be glad if the Entente would send an army to Berlin."

Then follows the same old story:

"Feb. 1919. Instead of a courteous friendliness we were accustomed to meet from acquaintances and friends in former times, we English or Americans who happen to have alien husbands are subject to mistrust and suspicion everywhere. Instead of our position being alleviated by the end of hostilities we shall be treated as pariahs and outsiders in every country. . . . . It was not an easy moment for many of us, when, loving our country and our families with every fibre of our being, we followed our husbands abroad into their own land. . . . Now, at this time of spurious peace, we are worse off than ever."

The first and best chance of restoring friendship and confidence between the English and the German people was therefore lost immediately after the Armistice because we could not realize that the war was over. We were blinded to the attitude of the people of Germany by our hatred of German militarism and this blindness lost us the chance of taking common ground with them against what both hated. In view of subsequent events it is hardly surprising if the German people no longer look to the Entente as saviours and protectors.

Many of the rank and file of our army, unlike civilians, have a clear vision. Their attitude bears out the statement of Sir Hubert Gough that "the soldier is the real pacifist." A chance conversation overheard in an English railway carriage in the summer of 1919 is typical. Five privates, one of whom was a Canadian, began to discuss their experiences. Two had been in the army of occupation; one had worked as a prisoner in the salt mines of Germany; all had seen arduous military service in France. They agreed that the treatment of prisoners in Germany left everything to be desired and that they had no use for Prussian regiments; they also agreed that Bavarians and Saxons were not half bad, and for the people of Germany they had nothing but pity. "They were starved," declared one. "And mothers hadn't even soap to wash the babies. They were afraid of us when we marched through; small wonder when they'd been taught in the schools to hate us. We gave them soap when we had any, and tried to explain but they couldn't understand, poor things." The others agreed with the sentiments expressed. There was in this chance group of soldiers no hatred of the German people, but only of their government and they desired peace and understanding, now the was was over.

The action of the Matlock District Council was a corporate expression of this desire for a better understanding:

"Matlock District Council yesterday decided to hide from sight for five years all German gun trophies, with the idea of allowing time for public opinion to soften. The suggestion came first from the local ex-soldiers union." *Daily Press*, August 25th, 1920.

The soldiers know that the war is over and would soften public opinion because they see that peace must be based on friendship and confidence.

Attempts to soften public opinion in this country are chiefly noticeable by their absence. An examination of the daily press for the past winter discloses many inflammatory utterances and also culpable silences. There seems to be little definite effort to inform the public about actual conditions in Germany, though such information at the present time would be of great value in helping the average person to understand the situation. A Toronto paper this winter refused to publish an interview with a British relief worker on social conditions in Berlin because, "The public do not want to hear about that sort of thing."

An English Wife in Berlin, by Evelyn Princess Blücher (Constable, 1920).

Yet information of this kind gives civilians some of the knowledge of conditions which the soldiers acquired on their march into Germany, knowledge which has helped to make the soldier a real pacifist. It is indeed time that some attempts were made to soften opinion.

A step in this direction is to test our attitude by the standard of the two Generals quoted above, a standard which is that of many soldiers. Men have laid down their lives in hope of a new world, and we are seeing to it that the new world shall be a more finished edition of hell than was the old. We gloat over plans to make Germany pay, yet all the time we know that nothing can ever pay for the blood which has been shed. In the name of common sense, if of nothing higher, it is a poor policy to hit a man when he is down, because it is sure to develop in him the invincible determination to hit back when he gets up. In the name of peace it is infamous to nourish revenge, for, unless the lust of revenge is expelled, peace is merely a time of recuperation for war. The "unheard of act of magnanimity" demanded of the average person is to admit the war is over and to act on the admission by trying to soften opinion. Peace and revenge are impossible bedfellows.

MARGARET WRONG.

Sursum Corda!

WE hear very often that our modern civilization is doomed, and there is no doubt that there are a great many things that will disappear sooner or later. But we can say confidently that the most important things in our civilized world are not going to be lost, and never have been lost in similar changes in the past. Moreover, the former collapses of organizations in the world have been brought about by invasions of foreign peoples (*Völkerwanderungen*) who not only ignored the customs of the civilized countries, but had other tastes, other languages and other beliefs; whereas now, the change, if and when it comes, will be the result, not of the invasion of a strange people, but of the change of masters of the same stock, the man in overalls succeeding the man in the silk hat.

There is no doubt that if we are going to have a dictatorship of the proletariat, any amount of luxuries and conveniences will disappear,—things which we are accustomed to believe are essential to civilization. Many beautiful things that bring to us joy and pleasure will become scarce and for a little while we shall regret their loss.

For example, I was reading the other day a description of the daughter of Count Witte's visit to a Palace in Petrograd in 1918, when it was still occupied by the famous dancer Kchesinskaya. It is impossible to deal here with all the details of the different kinds of servants, flowers of rare colors, and perfumes in this magnificent residence of the little dancer. A few weeks after, the palace was converted into the printing shop of the *Pravda*, the official organ of the Bolsheviks at Petrograd.

The same remarks apply to the Smolny Institute, the famous Institute founded by the great Katherine to educate young Russian ladies for the Court. I remember the strange impression it made upon me to see a reproduction of the vestibule of that palace in an Exhibition of Russian Art. The waiting room was decorated with portraits painted by the old Russian Masters of *successful* pupils of that Institute —and I can imagine the regret of some of the Russians that this place and its beautiful gardens should have been used as Bolshevik headquarters with sailors and Red Guards tramping through rooms accustomed to resound only to the dainty shoes of the aristocratic ladies.

We see disappearing now not only persons and institutions, but we see the fall of great cities, such as Vienna. The other day the Mayor of the City expressed the hope that Vienna might survive as a curiosity, as a kind of Venice. But we doubt very much if Vienna can be compared with Venice. Venice has always been a living City and a great port, and even in the time of Napoleon, when its fortunes were at their lowest ebb, some beautiful palaces were built on the Grand Canal. Today it is a great industrial centre as well as a very important shipping point. Vienna never will be able to survive as Venice has done. It will never succeed in arousing spiritual curiosity as did Rome in the Middle Ages. The Palaces of the Maria Theresa style without the ushers in their brilliant uniforms and when they have become shabby and old will seem to be very commonplace.

But we may expect still greater losses than these—Science, Culture, Knowledge may be affected. We might awake one morning to find that we are short of holy, precious things. Not only in Russia and Austria may professors starve and laboratories stand empty; we may hear worse news, nearer news—things may disappear for which we shall grieve as an irreparable loss. Let us take things at their worst. Suppose, for instance, that the British Museum has been blown up in one of the latest strikes; or that Oxford has been burned by a band of Reds (the regular forces of the government of Cardiff), fleeing from the regular militia of the government of London, the White Government under the dictatorship of Winston Churchill. (Of course, we don't expect those things to happen, as we said in the beginning, but they serve as illustrations.) If we did suffer those losses, our most precious possessions of knowledge and civilization would nevertheless not be lost. Humanity sometimes seems to come to a standstill or even to recede to barbarism or to lower forms of

life, but (though this is a thing rather difficult to explain), according to previous experiences, these setbacks of humanity do not affect progress. Without going back to the prehistoric ages, and ignoring the lessons taught by the collapse of Oriental Empires, we have had in Europe, in historical times, two experiences of a civilization which reached a degree of evolution comparable to ours, and which was destroyed to the very roots, compelling our ancestors to start afresh.

The first instance was in the ninth century B.C. At that time the oriental part of the Mediterranean Sea had a flourishing civilization that we are accustomed to call the pre-Hellenic Culture. The Castles of the Mycenaean Lords and the Palaces of Crete could boast of ladies of refinement who perhaps might compare with the ones mentioned above of the Smolny Institute at Petrograd. The *Grand Monarque* of Crete who lived in the Palace of Knossos certainly had around him scholars and artists who were aware of things which we proudly regard at present as recent inventions. Suddenly, some barbarians of the north invaded Greece, nude, athletic, ignorant Dorians; and, apparently, all that flower of pre-Hellenic civilization was swept away.

Undoubtedly the material progress and the refinement of Art and a great deal of knowledge of various kinds were lost, but I say confidently, now that we know the results of the change, none of us, if we could, would have stopped that change. How monotonous would have been Greek civilization without that irruption of barbarian Dorians! Pre-Hellenic Art had become a sort of baroco, and religion and science would have become conventional after one or two more centuries. Not a particle that was of real importance perished; the soul of civilization survived. We see that clearly in the plastic arts and we can imagine it to have been the same in the physical sciences and literature. The Homeric Poems, composed and revised after the catastrophe, took advantage of the former traditions and myths of the pre-Hellenic times, and obtained with the unconscious collaboration of the new races that modern spirit that makes them so precious to us. If instead of these seventh century poems, we had purely and simply Mycenaean tales, what a different sort of beauty would have appeared in them! We imagine that they would have been a sort of literature, analogous to what we find in the oriental cuneiform inscriptions—a literature of the people of a special land, without the universality that we find in the Homeric poems, which is the result of the collaboration of two different and almost antagonistic spirits.

The second example of civilization being smashed by barbarians we find in the fourth century when the Roman Empire collapsed and the Germanic people occupied the occidental provinces. We can still see the broken columns, the destroyed temples, *thermae* in ruins, and abandoned cities; and we have a good idea how many intellectual things perished, how many artistic treasures were lost at that time. But I say again, now that we know the results of the change, none of us, if we could, would have stopped the barbarians at the Rhine.

It is most probable that if the classical civilization had followed a normal development instead of collapsing, humanity would have made material progress much quicker than was actually the case. Watches and bicycles might conceivably have been popular in the eighth century; automobiles and trolley cars would perhaps have been in use centuries ago. Mathematics, physics and astronomy might have reached their present stage of progress long before now. But science would certainly have been of a different type which I am afraid would not have appealed to us.

Every particle of our present knowledge has been obtained through the pain and suffering of people who were re-discovering the past; and in this work of rediscovery they added to the old knowledge the modern spirit, the most precious thing to us. We can gather an idea of what the classical work and science would have been if it had not been destroyed by the barbarians. We have the example of Byzantium. There, the old civilization followed its old course without disturbance and what was the result? Tell me, dear reader, where you would have preferred to be at the beginning of the Middle Ages? At the Convent of Studium at Constantinople with all the books of the Latin and Greek literatures, with the volumes of Aeschylus complete, an edition of Menander ready to your hands, or down in the west trying to spell Greek with Isidore at Seville or with Bede or Casiodorus? Would you prefer to visit the great mansion of Lausos at Constantinople, a Byzantine millionaire, with his garden full of antiques, possessing amongst other treasures the Cnidian Venus of Praxiteles? . . . or to visit the chief barbarians of Gaul with Venantius Fortunatus or Sidonius Apollinaris and hear their songs around the fire?. Some of you modern men, greedy for sensation, will say, "We would like to have been in both places." But if you were to choose one, which would you have preferred? Certainly, to have been beside our fathers of the west, struggling with the darkness and trying to open again the road to civilization. If you are still doubtful, I will ask you again: Where would you rather have been—at the Royal Palace of Constantinople beside Constantine Porphyrogenetos when he was writing the Book of the Ceremonies, or beside Charles the Great in company with Alcuin, Teodulph, and Einhard? I do not think there is any doubt about this.

But some of you will still say, "All that is right, but why not have both? What necessity to destroy

the classical civilization, only that it should be rediscovered again? The Germanic Spirit of the barbarians could be grafted to the old trunk of Rome. Progress would come better by normal evolution. What is the use of destroying and rebuilding again? You seem to advocate the convenience of a catastrophe! Following your ideas, very soon it will be essential to progress to destroy every 900 years laboratories and libraries and start afresh." Personally I do not like those experiences either, but this seems to be the Law of the Spirit: "*Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.*"

J. PIJOAN.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents.*

The Occupation of the Rhine

The Editor,
THE CANADIAN FORUM.
SIR:

Your January issue contained the announcement that a letter from M. Marcel Moraud on "The Occupation of the Rhine" was being held over, on account of lack of space, for the following number. This letter does not appear to have been published in any of your subsequent issues. If it is not your intention to publish it, your readers are, it would seem to me, entitled to an explanation of such non-publication.

Yours, etc.,
E. P. BROWN.

[The letter in question was returned to M. Moraud at his request prior to the issue of our February number. We have not heard from him since.—ED.]

An Organ or Arena?

The Editor,
THE CANADIAN FORUM.
SIRS:

In the classification of your critics you seem to have overlooked one small group. Some of us were at first disappointed in this particular. Misled, it may be by its title, we imagined that the FORUM would resemble the *Atlantic Monthly* or the *Nineteenth Century* in giving scope to the expression of strongly diverse views in current affairs. For example, the attitude and policy of France have been criticised at some length in your pages. We expected to see something written on the other side. I believe in this particular instance a letter was written to you but subsequently withdrawn by the writer. Could you discover no contributor to state the case for the French?

It would appear that you are pretty well agreed among yourselves on what is wrong with the world and in which direction the best remedies lie. That is, the FORUM is to be an 'organ', to resemble rather the *Spectator* (happily not in style), or the *Nation* (let us hope not in temper). Warned by the fate of the *University Magazine*, you have probably chosen the wiser part. You represent views that have not always found adequate expression or a fair hearing, and you will set us all thinking.

Let us hope that, whether we always agree with you or not, we may always be able to say of each one of you what Boswell said of a rash clergyman who ventured to criticise 'Taxation No Tyranny':—

"Although I abhor his Whiggish democratical notions and propensities (for I will not call them principles—*sic*—), I esteem him as an ingenious, knowing, and very convivial man."

Yours etc.,
G. O. SMITH.

The Laws of Colour Vision in Art

IN the realm of art, during the past few decades, there have been great changes in methods of execution and these have been especially pronounced in the use of colour. This has been the case, not only in purely decorative art where great liberties must be taken, but also in landscape painting where the motive must always be to create an impression that is true to nature. The landscape picture must be more than a coloured diagram, it must convey a sense of atmosphere and of the moods of nature and it must be so composed and designed, in colour as well as in line and space breaking, as to awaken in the beholder associations of his own memory impressions. It must be dynamic and not static, in the sense that it conveys a sense of movement and compels a constant shifting of the gaze from part to part. It must exaggerate some features of the landscape and suppress others, and in this way leave to the beholder some opportunity to fit in his own imagery. It must direct but not dictate. It must leave something to the imagination. These ends can be accomplished partly by design and partly by the proper use of colour and it is particularly in connection with the latter that great assistance can be afforded by a knowledge of the laws of colour vision. If these laws be violated by false appositions of tints or by the use of incorrect values or saturations, the work can never be really successful. It will inevitably be untruthful as a whole if even a small

part of it displays ignorance of the influence of one colour on another.

In order to convey a sense of atmosphere many artists of the older school used tinted greys but usually with little success, since these must always give a sense of flatness. At best these greys, since they lie flat on the plane of the picture, can only give a suggestion of atmosphere here and there; they cannot convey the impression of an atmosphere that is all pervading; of a real atmosphere. It is this impression that can be created by pointilism where the greyness is produced by taking advantage of the well-known physiological fact that visual images, caused by suitably apposed coloured dots or lines, create, by retinal synthesis, the impression of a grey tinted according to the particular arrangement and proportion of the coloured dots. The paintings of the impressionists—Monet, Sisley, Pissarro, Renoir, etc., are composed in this way. Looked at closely, a pointilistic picture is a mosaic of many coloured dots but at a certain distance the colours blend to form variously tinted greys of a vibrating quality which pervade the whole picture and convey a sense of atmosphere which cannot otherwise be imitated. But purely pointilistic pictures become, as a rule, uninteresting when viewed beyond a certain distance; there is wanting from them something with which nature abounds; something which compels us when viewing a landscape to shift the gaze from place to place; a curiosity which is a constant source of interest and fascination. To arouse these interests the picture must give more than the fleeting impression of atmosphere and form; it must also be composed in a design which compels the eye to wander from part to part and the most important element in this design is the selection of colours which by their influence on one another cause some parts of the picture to come forward and stand out prominently and others to recede and become suppressed. The picture should be "a pattern of nature designed to create visuo-psychic impressions expressing an idea rather than an object"; subjective rather than objective. It is this that is being attempted by the modern school of the so-called post-impressionists.

In carrying these objects into effect a knowledge of the simple laws of colour vision cannot fail to be of very great assistance. They show what tints must be apposed to raise or lower saturation or value; they determine the tint which shadows *must* assume; they indicate methods by which certain colours may be forced into prominence and others suppressed. In these and in many other ways a knowledge of the laws of colour vision should save the artist from the error of placing on his canvas, colour combinations that can never be successful because they are impossible in nature. Without in any way confining the freedom of the artistic imagination, application of the laws of colour enables the desired impression to be created with greater directness and simplicity; attributes which, both in execution and design, are outstanding features of all great works of art.

We do not intend to imply that a knowledge of the laws of colour vision would inevitably lead the aspiring neophyte in art to success, but it would as surely assist him in his use of colours as do the laws of perspective and anatomy in his drawing and composition. The laws which are more particularly applicable in these regards are those of irradiation, of complementary colours, of simultaneous and successive contrast, of reflection, refraction and scattering and, finally, of flicker. We cannot in this article explain these laws but it may be of interest to state briefly to what each refers and to indicate in a general way a few of the applications in picture painting.

Irradiation means that when two adjacent parts of an object have decidedly different visual properties (*e.g.* different tints, or different intensities or values), the one which produces the stronger retinal stimulus seems to occupy a larger field than that which produces the weaker stimulus.

By complementary colours is meant that for every one of the pure or spectral colours there is another which when mixed with it in equal proportions on the retina, causes a sensation of white, or when mixed in other than equal proportions, a sensation of a tinted grey. The two colours that are complementary are always situated at some considerable distance apart on the spectrum and by use of a very simple device (the colour triangle) it is quite an easy matter to predict the precise colour which will be complementary to any other. Now it will be evident that at the edges between two complementary colours, because of irradiation, there will tend to be a blending on the retina of the tints of the two colour fields so that a line of white or grey will result. It is probably by a similar process that the dark line at the edge of a perfectly flat colour field of one of the flaring colours (yellow, orange or certain reds) if its value and thickness be properly chosen, makes the enclosed colour field stand forward from its background and at the same time gives a sense of shading (i. e. a change in value) at the edge. It will be noted that many post-impressionists use the dark line partly for this purpose, particularly in still life studies, but also often in landscape where however it also has the purpose of giving a directive influence to hold the pattern together.

Simultaneous contrast is probably the most important of all the colour laws from the artists' standpoint. It means that when one portion of the retina is strongly stimulated by some particular tint the neighbouring portions tend to react as if they were being stimulated by the complementary tint. The fundamental experiment illustrating this phenomenon, familiar to all, is to look fixedly on say a strip of red paper placed on a grey background; at the edges

of the red, the grey will become tinted green. If instead of using a background of grey, one of some other spectral tint were used it is clear that at the neighbouring portions of the two tints there would be a blending of each with the complementary of its neighbour, with the result that the value of each tint would be greatly changed. Taking this effect along with that of irradiation and remembering the influence of complementary colours on each other it is clear that the artist must select his colour appositions with great care and with a fore-knowledge of their mutual effects. It is remarkable how skilful many artists who know nothing of the laws of colour vision are in these selections, but it seems reasonable to suppose that many mistakes could be prevented and much time saved by a knowledge of them. How often does it happen that the purest of pigment is heaped on somewhere in a picture in an attempt to accentuate brilliancy or to give the impression of great colour intensity, but in vain because the colour is surrounded by another which is not complementary to it and so dulls it down (*i.e.* forms a grey) instead of raising its brilliancy. Quite often, one or two little patches of properly chosen brilliant tints will cause a picture otherwise painted in sombre tints to appear much more sunny and full of light than another in which brilliant tints are lavishly employed throughout.

Successive contrast means the illusion of the complementary tint which is experienced after gazing for some time on a particular coloured pattern. For example, if a strip of red paper placed on a grey background be regarded for a minute or so and then removed, in its place on the grey will appear a vivid line of green, its complementary tint. This fact is not so important in landscape art as that of simultaneous contrast but nevertheless it plays a certain role and is of very great importance in decorative art.

Reflection, refraction and scattering are really physical rather than physiological properties of light aud we cannot in the short space at our disposal attempt to explain them here. They are the factors which determine the precise colour values of objects, such as water, glistening surfaces, etc., which reflect some of the light directly (*i.e.* without decomposing it and absorbing certain of the spectral tints). The whole problem of building a picture in planes is one depending for really successful execution on a knowledge of these fundamental physical laws. The reflection of a sunlight bank on a stream of muddy water; how is it to be rendered? In solving the problem all three of the above mentioned properties of light are involved, as well as those that are dependent on the blending of different tints. It is interesting to measure an artist's skill by seeing whether he has violated any of these laws. The great colourists seldom do.

And finally with regard to flicker: I cannot make up my mind how important a factor it may be in art. It is illustrated experimentally by the decidedly greater sense of brilliancy that is obtained by causing a circle of black and white sectors to rotate at such a rate that the black and white *almost* fuse together on the retina, than by increasing the speed so that they completely fuse and produce the sensations of a uniform grey. Where there are dark and light patterns in a picture, though the picture itself is stationary, the necessary movement is brought about by the constant side to side movements of the eyeballs (nystagmus) and it is very likely that the remarkable effects that can be obtained by the use of black lines is dependent on flicker.

It is not our intention to imply that a knowledge of the scientific laws of colour will assure success as an artist; far from it, for in no other field of human endeavour than in that of art is it equally the case that special gifts must be inherited. Without an inborn love for nature and a power to see and to appreciate the beautiful things with which it abounds; and without an inborn skill to analyze these impressions to the most essential and simplest of patterns of line and colour, success as an artist is impossible. But even with this inheritance, the artist can achieve real success only provided he abides strictly by the laws of nature, for no less to art than to science does Goethe's adage apply that "the first and last thing that is demanded of genius is love of truth". Many of these laws must be searched for and studied and analyzed before it is possible to introduce them in a work of art. It is true that the power to do this can often be acquired by the method of trial and error, but at what a fearful sacrifice of time and energy. To save this useless effort, and as a consequence to allow the artist to reach forward to a study of the many other less understood problems with which he must contend, he should make himself familiar with the laws of colour vision just as he does with those of perspective, anatomy and the mixing of pigments. And finally let me quote from one of the greatest of masters of all ages: "Those who become enamoured of the practice of the art without having previously applied themselves to the diligent study of the scientific part of it, may be compared to mariners who put to sea in a ship without a rudder and therefore cannot be certain of arriving at the wished-for port. Practice must always be founded on good theory." (Leonardo in his *Notes for a treatise on Painting*).

J. J. R. MACLEOD.

Bone-Dry

My heart is swelling wi' distress,
The tears are near, I maun confess,
For never mair shall I caress
In wanton sport
A parcel sent prepaid express—
Imperial quart.

We're nearly what they ca' bone-dry,
For doctors now are growing shy,
And 'tis not easy e'en to buy
A wee, wee flask—
Still less a case of Scotch or Rye
From dear old Sask.

It dulls my heid and chills my wame
To think of life so prim and tame,
These bloodless loons' next crafty aim
Is clearly seen—
They'll tak my pipe. Weel, I'll go hame
To Aberdeen.

ALBERTA. R. K. GORDON.

Diana

Diana, swift Diana, by the fern glade, by the mountain,
By the heather where we coursed the leaping hare,
By the bow-string, by the arrow, by your cupped hands at the fountain,
By the velvet, by the buck's bare horns I swear
Your ways are wild as wind is, your locks were never bound
By Verbius, five-fingered, as they tell.
You loved me and me only, your lean grey hunting-hound
And on his back your flashing whip-thongs fell!

CARROLL AIKINS.

Winter Sunset from an Eastbound Train

There are long rivers of purple in the sky
And islands flaming gold,
Out where the shining edge of the world lifts high
And the wind blows cold.

And the brown, secret earth that is full of strength
Reddens with western fire:
I can see diamonds twinkling the furrows' length,
Workers' desire!

Lonely the barn all black against glowing light;
Lonely the cold blue;
O, little house that shelters the men who fight,
I have been lonely too!

MILLICENT PAYNE.

Granville Street

On Granville Street the lights are gold,
And when the dusk falls swiftly down
Like shining bubbles they appear
And light our windy, sea-port town.

Great golden lights on Granville Street!
Across the bridge they dance away—
A charmed chain that comes with dusk
To vanish with the dawn of day.

O! When the last late folk have tramped
To home and rest with weary feet,
Perchance they hold high revelling,
These golden lamps on Granville Street!

AILEEN BEAUFORT.

Rampes d'Alger

The Night is full of languor, for the Moon
Lies wasting on her couch of purple seas.
Her agony lights Heaven's tapestries.
The red eye of the Pharos sees her swoon.

The slow-descending Stairs that every noon
Whisper the slipping sandal's worn-out ease
Lie silent with the Port. A little breeze
Speeds from the hill some love-sick Arab croon.

One Figure leaning on the Parapet,
Its back to gay arcaded boulevards,
Its dull white dim against the sky's grey cloak,

This Vision wrapped in wreaths of Haschisch smoke,
The sparkling lights of Mustapha, the shards
Of earthy joys, the Hand of Mahomet.

D. P. WAGNER.

To the Georgian Bay

Dear land of island, and rock, and tree,
Of wind swept sky, and sapphire sea,
I've known you long, and loved you well,
And I've dreamed of you when the smoke of Hell
Has blackened the sky and hidden the sun.
When the world seemed lost and life's race run,
Then my thoughts turned back to you.

To you, and your dreamy golden days,
I could see them clear through the battle's haze,
To your tempests, sudden, and fierce and wild,
Like the short lived rage of an angry child,
To your pines, clean cut 'gainst a sunset sky,
And the still, deep pools where the black bass lie
Through the drowsy August noon.

I've travelled through many a land, far-famed
For beauty, but none could your great, untamed
Grandeur excel, though man's every care
Has been lavished for ages to make them fair,
With park, and chateau, and velvet lawn
Where the carven figures of nymph, and faun,
Dance through the changing years.



A BIT OF OLD TORONTO

BY

LAWREN HARRIS

Oh fair are the fields of France, abloom
With poppies red, and the gorse and broom
Of the English downs is lovely to see,
Where it crowns white cliffs by a sunlit sea,
But I'd give them all for a summer day
In a bark canoe on the Georgian Bay
With the west wind blowing free.

A. H. L.

The Camp Watchman

WITH a rattle of loose stones that continually threatened my footing the road took a sudden, ill-natured drop and then turned sharply when it reached the sand levels. About ten minutes of toiling in this sand brought me out of the poplar growth to the clearing around Juneau's pulpwood camp.

Old Charlie was splitting firewood when I came in sight of the camp. His tam-o'-shanter was cocked with careful abandon at that angle which in all climes, and probably in all ages denotes a jaunty deviltry, and the grey flannel shirt was open at the neck in the best tradition of North Shore foppery. But alas! while the right leg of his heavy mackinaw was properly tucked away inside his high riverman's boot, the left one flopped sullenly down in obstinate resistance to confinement.

At that very moment I was witness to the passing away of old Charlie as a woodsman. For his stove length had gripped his axe, and the old man held both axe and block lifted high in the air above the grievously hacked chopping block, like some ancient savage, with his huge, grotesque war-club raised above a prostrate foe. But it was in reality the bitter confession of a once mighty axeman that craft and strength were failing. The club came down, feebly, and old Charlie struggled now to twist his axe loose.

I felt ashamed thus to uncover the nakedness of his weakness, and was about to slip back to give him a chance to recover himself. Before I could turn he saw me, and called over to me.

"Was you goin' back without even giving me a shake of your paw, Jack, and I aint seen a one of youse for a dog's age."—The old man's grip was a thing that left memories, like rheumatism.—"Well, and how's the old folks and how's the Creek?"

Then he went back to his struggle with the tenacious stove-length. I did know better than to offer to help him. He was embarrassed and excited, increasingly profane and pathetically ineffective. Suddenly, in a swift surrender, he stood the block on end, put one foot on it beside his trapped axe, and meditatively whittled a pipeful of tobacco from his plug. He looked over at me and laughed.

"Been down to T'ronto," he said. "That's what's et up me muscle.—I'll get her back in a week's time or bust."

"At the doctor's?" I asked.

"Yep.—Only with me an' you he's me boy Dick. Let them cheatin' fools in T'ronto call him doctor if they like."

This, of course, was mere pretence. Old Charlie did not attempt to take any credit for the success of his surgeon son, but he could not help feeling that a boy's father was in some degree responsible, surely, for his achievements. The old man himself was a foul-mouthed, drunken ne'er-do-weel, and had been turned out by a wife infinitely too good for him, who had preferred sending him adrift to breaking her own heart and damning the children. Old Charlie had recognized the justice of her action and had regularly afterwards sent her two thirds of his earnings. The other third he drank.

"Yap," he continued, "Dick sent for me first of last May. You knew my old woman got her everlasting harp last winter.—Well, Dick and his missus sent me an invite to go and live with them down in T'ronto.—I sort of shied at it, wantin' to go like hell, specially on account of Dick's kids, an' yet kind of thinkin' maybe we'd soon get the timber all stripped off the limit, and I'd be out again. So I goes to old Juneau hisself, an' I fix it up so's I can come back if it turns out to be poor pickin'.—So I heads down to T'ronto.

"It looks to me like it aint fur off noon," he broke in suddenly, glancing up. "Come on in an' I'll warm up you a dish of white beans. That'll grow hair on your chest a foot long. Then I can tackle Mr. Axe there.—Beans an' barley—them's my standbys,—beans to eat an' barley to drink, eh lad!—Bring in a couple of chips with you."

I made no pretence of remonstrance. I knew that the old man had come to the difficult part of his story and was trying to get past it. Besides, I had walked twelve miles and was hungry. So I watched him light his fire and move his huge iron bean pot to the front of the stove, ahead of the kettle.

"That there pot," he explained, "aint never empty. When I takes a helpin' out I put a new lot in to make her up, an' I always takes the helpin' from the bottom. I can't abide raw beans."

He insisted on mixing some batter for griddle cakes for me, in addition, and it was when he had his spider hot and was greasing it with a fat pork rind that he found deliverance.

"It was the kids done it. I don't know Dick now, and I can't help feelin' that deep down if he didn't kind of worship the old woman he'd like to figure out maybe I wasn't his dad after all. Maybe I'm wrong, but I feel it that way.—An' his missus, Dick's missus,—well, you can't blame her, I guess.—But them kids, they took to me the minute they laid eyes on me. You can't beat them kids. It was gran'pa here and gran'pa there till I was fair run off my old legs. I must tell you about them kids when we've had a bite.—I had to whittle 'em boats, and teach 'em to spit from the corner and tell 'em about

the loggin' in pine to Newberry, an' a lot more guff like that, day in an' day out, back in the garage.

"An' of course it was the kids that done it at last. They was a lot to put up with, but I was a willin' old fool for the sake of them kids, them little Dicks.—Now, f'r instance, I leave it to you if a man don't need room to wash his face in. I guess maybe I kind of splattered up their fancy bath room a little, but, thunderation, when a man's been used to a bench outside the door, an' the hull of Canady an' Michigan to splash in, he does feel choked up in them cubby holes. An' so the hired girl goes an' kicks to Dick's missus, and she comes and kicks to me in that doggone polite way that's worse'n rubbin' turpentine on a cold sore. Well, I gets me dander up an' buys me a tin wash dish and takes it out to the garage. I gives Dick's auto teamster a dollar to let me wash out there."

The old man paused to laugh boisterously.

"An' believe me or not believe me, it wasn't gone two days till them kids had a tin wash dish apiece and was a washin' away at theirselves for all the world like a gang of timber beasts when the foreman's wife is comin.'—Course they didn't keep it up.—Well, a few days after that or so I hears that girl a whinin' again to Dick's missus. She was a saying' just when I heerd her, 'An' so I goes into the bathroom,' says she, 'to see what all the noise was, an' there was them two boys a washin' their face, an' ablowin' away at it like I donno what, an' I told 'em for heaven's sake to stop that noise.'—An' what do you s'pose them little codgers up an' tells her. I could a bust out when she tells it. She says, 'An' they said as impudent as anythin'—'Go to hell, you damn old nosey!' an' then, says she, 'they made that nasty sign with their fingers, you know, ma'am,' says she, 'An' they says a man's got to make a noise like this when he's washin', 'cause gran'pa does.' But when Dick's missus says, 'I shall see about it,' I know'd there was goin' to be the very devil to pay.

"Well, me an' Dick had a talk that night. I felt sorry for the boy, an' him tired out with a hard day's work cuttin' out people's insides. An' he asked me if I wouldn't be more comfortable like in a little house out York Mills way, where I would live my own way more, he says. An' I was so all-fired glad it wasn't his missus that tackled me that I said sure I would. An' I says to Dick I wouldn't tell the boys nothin' but Bible stories an' say nothin' but sermon words if he'd let 'em out to see me once in a while. An' he says sure an' him an' me shook hands on it really for the first time in our lives that night. An' the boy called me dad, damned if he didn't.

"Well, I moves out to this little shack of mine. But I got lonesome for the boys. I used to sneak in an' look over the fence in Dick's yard to see 'em playin' till I just missed bein' run in for trespassin'. Then Dick brought the boys out one day an' we had a jim slick of a time for four hours an' a half.—But the next Saturday I was hangin' round their corner, waitin' to catch a squint of 'em an' I seen the oldest comin' to post a letter or post card or somethin'. He cried when he seen me, an' said his ma said he couldn't come out any more.—She'd had comp'ny for supper the day after, an' the littlest codger, wantin' to show off, had gone and squirted a squirt of chewin' tobacco juice clean across the big rug in front of the comp'ny.—It was some spit. I couldn't uv done better myself, an' I was proud of the kid in a way. But his ma got right up on her ear, I guess. What beats me is where he got the chewin'.—Well, I guess these here pancakes is enough for a start, an' them beans is hot."

"But what did you do, Charlie?" I asked.

"I'm back watchin' camp again, aint I? Set up an' eat your grub while she's hot."

J. D. Robins.

The Muse in Motley
or
Somersaults for God's Sake

"Milton thou shouldst be living at this hour."

I HAD been reading Paradise Lost with a little group of students who were willing to forgo the usual gallop over selections for a slower and more careful progress through a single work of art. It had been on the whole a satisfying experience. Occasional dullness we had found—and endured. We had laughed over an absurdity here and there, and the stately declamations had left us cold. But what did these things matter? Did not the poem still satisfy the conditions of any definition of poetry which we could formulate? Had we not been swung through Cosmic space and seen

> This pendent world in bigness as a star
> Of smallest magnitude close by the moon?

Had not our pulses bounded to the "shout that tore Hell's concave" and again responded, with swiftest change of rhythm, to

> the Dorian mood
> Of flutes and soft recorders?

Had we not at one time been caught in a swirl of magic muse, and, at another (despite all that has been said of Milton's artificial poetic diction), had we not found the poet, when occasion demanded, writing as unmistakably with his eye on the object as ever Wordsworth did? And, finally, had we not, in this slow and careful reading of Paradise Lost, found renewed justification for Matthew Arnold's dictum that "the superior character of truth and seriousness, in the matter and substance of the best poetry, is inseparable from the superiority of diction and movement, marking its style and manner"?

Out of this very comfortable state of mind I was suddenly plucked by the necessity of spending

the days of Christmas vacation in "catching up" with modern free verse. It was a rude awakening. One couldn't, it is true, have followed the magazine literature of the last few years, or read, however sketchily, the volumes of verse that occasionally managed to insinuate themselves into one's regular routine, without being vaguely aware that these *were* "tendencies." One couldn't have failed to enjoy a bit of this apparently formless stuff now and then without quite knowing why. One couldn't have failed to come upon other bits of it, and tear one's hair and wonder if Apollo Musagetes had added a jazz-specialist to his choir. But to sit down a-purpose and read steadily through a shelf-full of it—that, as Mr. Perlmutter says, was something else again. One couldn't, after Milton, spend the blessed leisure of the Christmas vacation in such fashion without some kind of explosion: and the rash editor of the FORUM, who has solicited the explosion, will have to take the consequences.

At any rate, the time at my disposal was not incommensurate with the task. It would have been, if Milton had postponed himself a couple of centuries or so and slipped in among the parvenus. But these pages "where a rivulet of text meandered through a meadow of margin," these free verse *gambades* which sometimes managed to "get across' because they were true, and occasionally because they were beautiful, and semi-occasionally because they were both true and beautiful, and hemi-demi-semi-occasionally because they added to truth and beauty the pulse-leap of poetry—it was possible to read a lot of them in ten days. You see they either did manage to "get across" then and there, with their occasional hard, clear definiteness, or, like the gutter-snipes that some of them were, they simply pelted you with muddy words and ran away.

It was possible, I say, to read a lot of them in ten days, and it was immensely interesting—albeit a little hectic. You never could tell what you'd run across. Once grant them their programme, their bill of rights, namely: to use the *exact* word, never the merely decorative word; to create new rhythms as the expression of new moods; *to present an image, i.e.*, "to render particulars *exactly*, not deal in vague generalities"; "to produce poetry that is hard and clear"; and (shade of Matthew Arnold!) *"to allow absolute freedom in the choice of the subject"**—once grant them their bill of rights, and you never could tell what would happen on the next page.

It might, as a matter of fact, be a graphic "poem" in which a pair of legs are seen to

> Dangle
> Like marionettes'
> Over
> a
> mauve
> Sea.

*See Preface to *Some Imagist Poets*.

It might be a "Jazz Fantasia" in which the "jazzmen" are mellifluously adjured to

> "Sling your knuckles on the bottoms of the
> happy tin pans, let your trombones
> ooze, and go husha-husha-hush
> with the slippery sand-paper."

It might be a poem discriminatingly entitled "Three Spring Notations on Bipeds," in which occurs this impassioned query *re* pigeons:

> "Who most loves danger? Who most loves
> wings? Who somersaults for God's sake
> in the name of wing power
> in the sun and blue
> on an April Thursday?"

(I confess I was a little worried about taking somersaults for God's sake, not knowing exactly what the deity would think about it; but I was reassured by the apostle Peter's statement (II Peter III, 9) that He "is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish." No doubt poets as well as pigeons are allowed a somersault or two—but I believe the Apostle adds something about repentance. . . .). Or if transcendental somersaults elude us; if like Adam, after he had listened to Raphael turning intellectual somersaults in an effort to reconcile the Ptolemaic and the Copernican theories, we are convinced

> That not to know at large of things remote
> From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
> That which before us lies in daily life
> Is the prime wisdom—

We have only to turn a page in our free verse ramble, and see

> —A famous man eating soup.
> I say he was lifting a fat broth
> Into his mouth with a spoon.
> His name was in the newspapers that day
> Spelled out in tall black headlines
> And thousands of people were talking about him.
> When I saw him,
> He sat bending his head over a plate
> Putting soup in his mouth with a spoon.

Here indeed are no lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon; here no

> Neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
> With Attic taste;

Here is no fugitive and cloistered virtue; of this beaker full of the warm South shall no shy Muse drink and leave the world unseen. Here, rather, we may opine, is one who would have ill deserved the compliment which Chaucer paid to the Prioress:

> Hire over-lippe wyped she so clene
> That in hir coppe ther was no ferthyng sene
> Of grace, whan she dronken hadde hir draughte.

And if it be argued that truth is beauty and that this soup poem contains an immemorial truth, I reply that Madame de Sévigné, when she said that no man is a hero to his valet, put the same immemorial truth into eight words, and didn't try to camouflage it as poetry.

But why go on? The New Poetry has spawned a

vast quantity of this sort of stuff, which the undiscouraged or undiscouragable reader can gather for himself. I quote a little of it here because it illustrates what seems to me the chief danger of the cult. You can't start out rigidly to exclude the "decorative word" in the interests of exactitude without, nine times out of ten, excluding *beauty* as well; for as long as the human imagination persists, poetry, in its effort to express beauty, will transcend the actual, will reach out and up for the figurative, the decorative word. The New Poetry *photographs;* and in its pride of exactitude, it scorns to retouch. It does not realize that while the mechanical eye of the camera *sees*, it has no *vision*. Again, you can't "present an image" merely; you can't, in your desire to avoid "vague generalizations," confine yourself to exact particulars, without leaving the thing that you were going to reveal the beauty of exactly where and how you found it. You meant, as poet, to *interpret* that beauty to me: but, nine times out of ten, you will have merely *anatomized* it for your own satsifaction. You can't "create new rhythms as the expression of new moods" without failing, nine times out of ten, to produce any rhythm whatsoever. For observe, dear poet, the minute you put that poem in a book and sell that book to me, you commit yourself to the necessity of being rhythmically *intelligible;* and yet your fundamental premise is to deny me any *basic* rhythm, any *metre*, any standard of variation and contrast, by means of which I may feel the new rhythms which you wish me to feel. The result is that nine times out of ten you merely make variant line lengths on a printed page. Take the book from under my eye; read it aloud to me, and what you call your rhythms merely sprawl. Milton was wiser than that. It was out of his stately iambic measure, with here and there a dactyl dexterously interwoven

> —Through many a dark and dreary vale,
> They passed, and many a region dolorous,
> O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp—

it was out of that basic rhythm that he suddenly hurled at me the line of hammer strokes:

> Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens and caves of death.

Have you any new rhythm newer or more effective than the unrelieved stark mass of that line?

And, again, you can't "allow absolute freedom in the choice of a subject," you can't disregard the old-fashioned standard of high seriousness, without doing just what the soup poet did and what nine times out of ten the other emancipated poets are doing—string together some pseudo-rhythmic lines on whatever happens to strike you, and call it a poem —without any regard to whether you couldn't have said it better in prose (whether indeed you haven't merely said it in prose as it is) or whether somebody else hasn't already said it better and much more briefly in prose.

Nine times out of ten—the proportion seems to stick in my mind. What I am getting at is, that with all these old sanctions thrown overboard, with all these traditional restraints removed, nine out of ten would-be poets, who might have been discouraged into silence by the old regimen, come skipping and somersaulting blithely into print. Anything goes. Why shouldn't they? And the magazine editors and the book publishers, who don't want to miss any bets, print the stuff, and the gentle readers who are born every minute look wise and feel up to date and call it poetry! "I think," said the young Milton in one of his *Prolusiones Oratoriae* at Cambridge (he was talking about the scholastic philosophy, but he surely would have said it about free verse, if he had been living at this hour) "I think there never can have been any place for these things on Parnassus, unless perhaps some uncultivated nook at the foot of the hill, unlovely, rough and horrid with bramble and thorns, overgrown with thistles and thick nettles, far removed from the dance and company of the goddesses, producing neither laurel nor flowers, and never reached by the sound of Apollo's lyre."

Nine out of ten, yes. But what about the tenth? It would be folly to ignore the fact that along with all these slovenly poetasters, there are a few poets— "H. D.", John Gould Fletcher, Amy Lowell, J. S. Flint, and a few others— who find in this free and flexible medium a veritable instrument of power. How indeed, with Milton himself in mind, can I deny them the right of innovation? I may still cling, for example, to a belief in the artistic efficacy of rhyme, but if I am going to nail Paradise Lost to the mast-head, I must not forget that it was this same Milton who challenged his contemporaries with the statement that "rhyme is no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse," and is " a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight." If I go with Milton in this challenge to the rhymed epics of Davenant and Cowley and the rhymed tragedies of Dryden, how shall I shut my mind to the challenge of the modernists that even metre itself may be likewise no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse? And if I grant the possibility that the soul of music be waked and kindled by the spell of mere cadence, how shall I not grant them the rest of their programme? How shall I deny, for example, that Amy Lowell's "Madonna of the Evening Flowers" is poetry?

> All day long I have been working,
> Now I am tired.
> I call: 'Where are you?'
> But there is only the oak tree rustling in the wind.
> The house is very quiet,
> The sun shines in on your books,
> On your scissors and thimble just put down,
> But you are not there.
> Suddenly I am lonely:
> Where are you?
> I go about searching.

Then I see you,
Standing under a spire of pale blue larkspur,
With a basket of roses on your arm.
You are cool like silver,
And you smile.
I think the Canterbury bells are playing little tunes.

You tell me that the peonies need spraying,
That the columbines have overrun all bounds,
That the pyrus japonica should be cut back and rounded.
You tell me these things.
But I look at you, heart of silver,
White heart-flame of polished silver,
Burning beneath the blue steeples of the larkspur,
And I long to kneel instantly at your feet,
While all about us peal the loud, sweet *Te Deums* of the Canterbury bells.

I amuse myself transferring Amy Lowell's Madonna to Milton's garden, what time Eve

Went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To visit how they prospered, bud and bloom,
Her nursery; they at her coming sprung,
And touched by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.

I remember that in that garden

Iris all hues, roses and jessamine,
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; under foot the violet,
Crocus and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Bordered the ground, more coloured than with stone
Of costliest emblem.

And I recall Adam's

Nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.

And I fall to wondering whether that aggressive programme of the Imagists* hasn't disturbed me unduly. Why quarrel over technique, over details? Homer, Virgil write in quantitative verse, without rhyme, and it is poetry. Spenser writes the Faery Queene in stressed verse with an intricate rhyme-scheme and it is poetry. Milton scorns rhyme—and Paradise Lost is poetry. Pope translates the Iliad into rhymed couplets, tricked out with eighteenth century ornaments; the result may not be Homer—but who shall deny that it is poetry? Wordsworth condemns the heritage of Pope, bag and baggage, and writes—poetry. Amy Lowell (*Que diable allait-elle faire dans cette galère?*—if you like) belongs to a school that damns rhyme and metre as a worked-out mine—but I can set her Madonna of the Evening Flowers over against the corresponding passages in Paradise Lost and find my ear satisfied equally with harmony, my eye gratified alike by his images and hers—and conclude that both are poetry.

*That is the only real trouble—that the Imagists *are* so confoundedly aggressive about it. Here for example is Mr. J. S. Flint saying: "The history of English poetry in verse is the story of the exhaustion of the effects to be obtained from rhyme and metre—of the exploitation of a mine in which the main lodes have given out." What twaddle!

Wherefore this Christmas journey that began irksomely and encountered much provocation by the way, ends, as all Christmas journeys should, with a *pax hominibus bonae voluntatis*. Ninety per cent. of to-day's free verse will be forgotten to-morrow. The other ten per cent. is clear tonic. And the quarrels over technique don't matter.

"The one remains, the many change and pass." The externals of poetry are always in a state of flux—the Soul is undisturbed. Why worry?

EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS.

Wet Ways

"Of Prohibition, root of all our woe."
(Milton, Paradise Lost, IX, 645.)

WET WAYS are now no more, and if the prophets have guessed aright, cocktails, John Collinses, gin fizzes, and highballs will gradually fade from the vocabulary of these regions, to be disinterred from the cemetery of dead language in days to come only by the curious archaeologist. We have already started the tedious process of drinking Lake Ontario dry. Copious indeed will our draughts have to be in order to attain the desired consummation, and great will be the disgust of those forlorn individuals whose motto hitherto has been:

Man wants but little here below,
But wants that little strong.

Over twenty-five centuries have passed since Heraclitus, the "weeping philosopher," who is, I take it, the father of the prohibition movement, bade us "keep our souls dry:" and a new world had to be discovered before his precept could actually be put into practice. But the thing has come to pass at last; the whole balance of the world has been shifted, and the Atlantean efforts of our reformers have succeeded in the transportation, lock, stock and barrel, of the torrid into the Northern Temperate zone. The results have already begun to make themselves felt: for scientists inform us that the unprecendented series of forest fires which raged throughout the continent the summer before last, was due to the exceptional dryness of the country. But the destruction of a few millions of trees is no out-of-the-way price to pay for the triumphal achievement of nation-wide desiccation. After all, John Barleycorn has been utterly put to the rout and the enemy's first line of defences gloriously captured.

We have now to pull ourselves together and concentrate our forces for the demolition of the remaining trench systems: for it must not for a moment be imagined that the war is now over. It is not in reason that the strategists who have won so splendid a victory should be content with their present successes and rest upon their laurels. I

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have a shrewd suspicion as to what will be the next defence to topple; casual side-references have already been made to it on many occasions, but the greater struggle so eclipsed all other matters in importance that very little time has hitherto been to spare for the consideration of tobacco. But it, too, is doomed; a heroic defence may indeed be expected, but a few years will see this stronghold, too, like Priam's royal city, going up in smoke.

Of the drug habit little need be said. A sort of guerilla warfare has long been waged with it; and it will collapse easily before any direct frontal assault. The powers of darkness will now doubtless look for a breathing space, and perhaps entertain some hope of patching up an armistice; but this is to be a war to a finish, and the terms offered will be so severe that the enemy will have no recourse but to continue the conflict. For the victor's first demand will be for the surrender of coffee. Coffee is a stimulant, and war has been declared on all stimulants. For the first time the forces of the attacking army will suffer some diminution, in spirit even if not in numbers for there are, I am told, many staunch moral reformers and teetotallers who can relish a cup of coffee on the quiet. But the word will have gone forth, and woe to all back-sliders. Coffee will ultimately succumb, and the day of thanksgiving will be celebrated in cups of steaming Postum.

My heart fails me, I need some stimulating influence, when I come to tell of the last of the enemy's strongholds. But the relentless voice of Duty must be obeyed, and the efforts of the righteous must be united to overthrow that most subtle, most alluring of all temptations. Here we shall encounter the opposition of elemental forces. Women will take up arms to protect the beverage which makes 5 o'clock the culminating hour in mankind's daily life. To what end that charming silver service, those dainty pieces of china, nay, to what end civilization itself, if its very *raison d'être* is to be abolished? It is indeed hard to resist the pretty pleadings, the pitiful tears of these delightful creatures; but we must steel our hearts and remain deaf and obdurate to all such melting appeals; for these are the weapons of Circe and Delilah, of Cleopatra and Vivien. Away with them! and forward to battle against the hosts of darkness!

* * * * * * * *

"Let us now," as the immortal Wendy says, "take a peep into the future." The battle is over, though the smoke still hovers over the battlefield. As our victorious cohorts march on amid the dust and grime of conflict, we near the point in the ascending road, from which we shall gain our first view of the promised land, the land which our leaders have painted in such glowing colors, a land flowing with milk and honey; and we moisten our parched lips as we stride grimly yet hopefully forward. Another minute, and the scene in all its beauty will greet our longing eyes; and the officers urge us on with strange guttural noises. No other sound can be heard, for our throats are too parched to sing, no sound save the monotonous thunder of our tramping feet. But hush, what is that strange cry? It seems to come from the head of the column, which has halted at the point of prospect. The ranks suddenly break and every soldier is fighting, scrambling, regardless of discipline, to get his glimpse of the promised land. A gasp of horror bursts from all the trained throats; for below there is nothing to be seen but a great, monotonous, arid desert, devoid of trees and vegetation, its sands intersected by no smiling rivers, with nought to break the hideous dreariness save here and there the sun-bleached bones of some unsuccessful traveller. The land of promise is *bone dry*.

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there seems to be something about the more prosaic task that banishes serenity—perhaps it has all been exhausted in the labour of creation. At any rate Mr. Conrad is not one of those who, when he stoops to the work of criticism, succeeds invariably in retaining his artistic detachment. Where he finds himself in sympathy with his subject, as in his essays on de Maupassant and Henry James, he writes with a fine understanding; but his literary sympathies do not seem to be broad, and his theory of aesthetics, vaguely though it is stated, seems, in spite of his dislike of doctrine, to be a narrow and even an ungenerous one. It is true he tells us that the first act of faith that he would require from the artist in fiction would be the cherishing of an undying hope, yet one cannot but believe, judging from these pages, that that hope, if it is not to disappoint him, must be no more than a meagre and suspicious one. For Mr. Conrad hates not only literary formulas but everything that can be described as humanitarianism. He sees "an implacable meance of death in the triumph of the humanitarian idea," and this fear leads him into many injustices, as in his criticism of Anatole France. He cherishes, it is true, his vision of the City of God, but it is a vision at once confused and archaic. Parts of it are almost feudal: none of it is later than the middle of the nineteenth century. Politically he lives still in those vividly remembered days of his childhood when his father lay dying in Cracow, worn out by his labours for Poland; and he, a little boy, sat reading in the great shadowy drawing-room next to his father's bedroom. Indeed the spirit of that nationalist father haunts the many pages of this book in which the devoted son discusses the problem of his native country. Agression, he maintains almost vehemently, has always been foreign to the Polish temperament. Polish wars have always been defensive wars. Europe must put her trust in that national temperament "which is so completely free from agressiveness and revenge." The only conclusion to be drawn from such statements as these, and they represent quite fairly the political outlook of these papers, is that one cannot take Mr. Conrad seriously either as political prophet or as historian. The truth is that when he steps down into what is practically the arena of journalism, this great artist shrinks to the size of the many other contending figures, his vision is obscured by the dust of controversy, and his voice becomes faint but raucous in the midst of the turmoil.

E. H. B.

Drama

A Bill of Divorcement, A Play, by Clemence Dane, (The Macmillan Co., $2.00).

Clemence Dane, or, to use her right name, Miss Dorothy Ashton, is known to readers by her earlier books, *Legend*, *First the Blade*, and *Regiment of Women*, and press-notices declare that this venture into drama "is taking theatrical London by storm." Be that as it may, we hope it will soon make its appearance before Canada in public and in the meantime welcome its publication in book form.

The action of *A Bill of Divorcement* is dated Christmas Day, 1933, and "the audience is asked to imagine that the divorce bill, at present under discussion, has become law of the land." I confess, therefore, that I began it with misgivings, for artistic constructions of the future are apt to be poor substitutes for pictures of the present, and this matter of the divorce bill smacked something of the problem play. I speedily found, however, that if Miss Ashton had her head among the clouds of 1933 and the problems arising from a woman's right to divorce an insane husband, she has her feet planted on the solid ground of human character and emotion. The opening of the play reveals that Margaret Fairfield has divorced her husband Hilary, insane since their first year of marriage eighteen years before, and is about to marry Gray Meredith. Hilary's aunt, bitter with the conventionality of a defeated generation, opposes the marriage as a "deadly sin," while Margaret's daughter Sydney, with a youthful and modern scorn for outworn tradition, upholds it uncompromisingly. Into this situation Hilary Fairfield returns apparently cured and seeking his wife with all the ardour of their first married days.

To tell the story further would be to rob the reader of his legitimate pleasure. So subtly are the human elements combined that one is uncertain till the last page how Margaret will decide to act. Vacillating and sentimentally anxious for self-sacrifice, she yet sees her only happiness vanishing, and is torn this way and that between the rival claims to affection. Conventionality and pity on the one hand urge her to revoke her divorce; on the other, her love and the reasonableness of her desire press her to marry Meredith. It is not difficult to see that this situation holds many temptations for an author inclined to "problems" or to pointing a moral, but Miss Ashton has skilfully avoided the pitfalls and the reader from first to last is chiefly concerned with the portrayal of the characters, which is done with extraordinary skill.

Concerning these something in particular must be said of Sydney Fairfield for it is not often that 'the modern girl' is handled with such insight and sympathy. Her directness, her spiritual restraint and unflinching facing of the questions of sex and heredity belong to the new era, but her charm, her youthful eagerness and simplicity, are of the fundamentals of human nature which art so often tries unsuccessfully to portray. She is, in a sense, the heroine, and the childish fortitude and impish wit

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with which she deals with her own problem in the last act make this the most moving passage in the whole play. If it were for Sydney alone we should wish to see more of Miss Ashton's work.

H. K. G.

Economics

The Girl, by Katherine Dewar, M.A., Secretary of the Glasgow Council of Juvenile Organizations, published for the Social Service Library by G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., London, England.

In this book Miss Dewar shows herself a practical worker. Whether she is comparing the various methods of organizing and conducting a club for girls, or giving estimates of the cost of a week's holiday at camp, she is equally mistress of her subject and able to furnish reliable information. But she is something more—Not only does she know about the working girl, the home she comes out of, the training or the lack of it which is her portion, the monotonous round of her existence, the evils which frequently result from her heredity and environments, but she knows the girl herself, and it is that knowledge which gives her volume charm for the general reader and value for the social worker. Statistics have not hardened her on the one hand nor sentimentalism blinded her on the other.

With human, sympathy and common sense, she pictures the working girl for us as she sees her, a woman and a potential mother in the making, and asks us if we are any longer going to allow her to grow up, neglected and unvalued? Just at the very period when the daughters of our own homes are most anxiously watched and guarded by their mothers, the working girl free from control, with all a young creature's yearning for fun and adventure is tossed out on the waves of a whirling world to swim or sink as the chance may be. The time is gone, if it ever existed when we could afford such a waste of good material. Miss Dewar points out some of the ways by which it can be avoided. The book is divided into ten chapters, one on 'Welfare Work,' being contributed by Miss Gladys H. Dick, M.B.E. The others are headed respectively, 'Home Life,' 'Clubs,' 'Mixed Clubs', 'Club Holidays,' 'Other Organizations,' 'Education,' 'Domestic Service,' and 'The Religion of the Girl.' The list is an index to the comprehensive range of the subjects treated.

V.B.P.

Fiction

Dead Man's Plack and An Old Thorn, by W. H. Hudson (Dent).

Lovers of Hudson will be grateful for these two short stories from the pen of one whose writing days cannot now be many. There is not much to be said about them. They speak for themselves like everything else that Hudson has written. And they are written in that limpid objective English that makes him the envy of most of his contemporaries. Those who are still unacquainted with him could not do better than begin with these two simple tales. Perhaps 'simple' is misleading. Their exterior is simple but there are strange intuitions behind, and before the last page is reached the mind has been carried a long way from its known marks.

B.F.

The Dude Wrangler, by Caroline Lockhart (Gundy).

When you have been sufficiently saddened for the day by your 'duty' reading of significant authors, come and get acquainted with another of those Easterners whom the Wild West de-spats, a gay Squire whom it arms with a frying pan for a buckler and a real gun for a blade. Plenty of sound and fury—sounds of gun-play mostly, and fury of fun. But the girl is there, too,—and hence, some of those romantic silences.—And that dude-camp, (why, it's a tourist resort, you poor prune!), that dude-camp is not exactly a rest cure.—The book is, however, not entirely serious reading.

R.

As It Was In The Beginning, by Arthur Train, (Macmillan).

What was to have been the most casual of business trips 'across the pond' turned out to have unforeseen consequences for Lawrence Berwick, lawyer, of New York. The impact of his American energy against the placid and leisurely habits of British business is very amusingly described in this book,—with entire fairness to both sides too.

The charming love story begins on shipboard and, but for 'the law's delays' might have ended there also—as a mere episode in a treadmill career. But English life, epitomized in one frank, companionable girl gradually casts its spell upon our hero, and we feel that his energy will be directed in future to *living* instead of merely to *making a living*.

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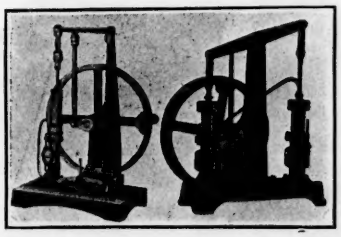
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Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$25.30	$24.85	$23.87	.....	$25.34
Volume of Employment[2] (Employment Service of Canada)	90.5	89.0	87.2	86.0	101.4
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities[3] (Michell)	109.9	110.3	109.0	107.8	126.0

[1]Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

[2]Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

[3]The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge Company, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

THERE are signs which indicate that for the time at least we may possibly have seen the worst of the depression. It is true that the figures quoted above record the same melancholy fall in wholesale commodity prices, employment, and security values, to which we have become accustomed in the past half year. But the decline in each of these is somewhat less than in the month before. The fall in wholesale prices is comparatively small. The volume of employment recovers a little and contracts again, almost in alternate weeks. Meanwhile, the change in the Bank of England rate of discount from 7 to 6½ per cent., which occurred a fortnight ago, will act to some extent as a stimulus to trade the world over; and in our own country the coming of the warm weather will do something to stimulate activity.

If the moment is one for restrained optimism, we shall nevertheless do well in looking back, to recognize how very serious the situation has been, and still is. One of our political leaders was recently quoted—or perhaps misquoted—to the effect that there are 96,000 unemployed wage-earners in the Dominion. In fact, it is probable that a number between three and four times as large as this represents the truth more fully. The mass of our unemployed workers is in itself a great industrial army; and large numbers of them have been out of work for many weeks.

The drop in retail prices, which appears to have reached considerable proportions, was probable in any case. It was inevitable, in the face of so serious a situation. A reduction in the nation's pay roll of 300,000 or more brings with it a tremendous falling-off in certain forms of retail purchasing. After the great decline in wholesale prices, retail quotations were bound in time to follow suit: but we may suppose that the readjustment has been accelerated by the growth in unemployment. Reports from trade unions (which however extend only to the close of February) indicate that in the first two months of the year employment was worse in Ontario than in any other Province except British Columbia. It is noteworthy that according to the *Labour Gazette*, the retail price of staple goods has fallen in Ontario faster than in any other Province.

There is little doubt that so far the brunt of the readjustment has fallen on the working man. There is a curious irony in the fact that a year ago he was groaning because the level of prices was too high, and longed to see them fall; only to find, when they did fall at last, that as often as not, through dismissal or through wage reduction, he was an immediate sufferer by the change.

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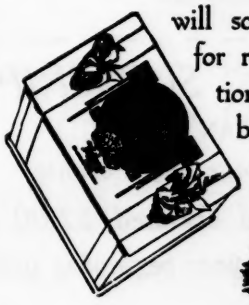
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